THE

Whigs Addreſs

TO

His MAJESTY.

May it pleaſe Your MAJESTY,

WE who were never yet at quiet,
Lovers of CHANGE, DISORDER, RIOT,
Old Sticklers for a COMMON-WEALTH,
(If you believe us) wiſh you Health,
A long, a ſafe, a proſperous Reign;
(The wicked *Tories* think we feign:)
We who all Monarchy deſpiſe,
Hope to find Favour in your Eyes;
Think you a *Proteſtant* ſo hearty
As not to Diſoblige our PARTY,
And humbly beg at any Rate
To be CHIEF MINISTERS OF STATE,
Or elſe your Perſon we ſhall hate:
For tho' Religion bears the name,
It's GOVERNMENT is all our Aim.
We'll be as Faithful and as Juſt
As to your Uncle, *Charles* the Firſt:
Grant this Requeſt, your Cauſe we'll own,
And eaſe the Burthen of the Crown;
Make it the Eaſieſt e'er was worn,
You'll ſcarcely know you've any on.
But if (*Great SIR,*) we find you ſlight us,
Our ſelves can tell which way to Right us;
And let you know, by ſad Diſaſters,
Tho' you are Lord, yet we are Maſters.
This Truth you cannot chuſe but know,
We prov'd it ſixty Years ago;
Yet ſhall you find us now on Tryal,
Your faithfull Subjects, *OR WE LYE ALL.*

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